

## Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nau.

Isa. And haue you Nuns no farther priuiledges?  
Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isa. Yes truely; I speake not as desiring more,  
But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.

Isa. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle Isabell.

Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;  
You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne:  
When you haue vowd, you must not speake with men,  
But in the presence of the Prioreesse;  
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;  
Or if you show your face, you must not speake:

He calls againe: I pray you answer him.

Isa. Peace and prosperitie: who is't that calls?

Isa. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-Roses  
Proclaime you are no lesse; can you so speed me,  
As bring me to the sight of Isabell.

A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister  
To her vnhappy brother Claudio?

Isa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,  
The rather for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabell, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;  
Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.

Isa. Woe me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,  
He should receiue his punishment, in thanks:

He hath got his friend with childe.

Isa. Sir, make me not your storie.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,  
With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to leech the  
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:  
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,  
By your renoucement, an immortall spirit  
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
As with a Saint.

Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Luc. Doe not beleuee it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,  
Your brother, and his louer haue embrac'd;  
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time  
That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings  
To teeming foynon: euen so her plenteous wombe  
Expresleth his full Tilch, and husbandry.

Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen Iuliet?

Luc. Is she your cosen?

Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names  
By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Isa. Oh, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)  
In hand, and hope of action; but we doe learne,  
By those that know the very Nerves of State,  
His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance  
From his true meant designe: vpon his place,

(And with full line of his authority)  
Gouernes Lord Angelo; A man, whose blood  
Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feesles  
The wanton stings, and motions of the sence;  
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge  
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast  
He (to giue feare to vse, and libertie,  
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,  
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,  
Vnder whole heauy sence, your brothers life  
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,  
And followes close the rigor of the Statute  
To make him an example: all hope is gone,  
Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire prayer  
To soften Angelo: And that's my pith of businesse  
Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isa. Doth he so,

Seeke his life?

Luc. Has censur'd him already,  
And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant  
For his execution.

Isa. Alas: what poore

Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

Luc. Assay the powre you haue.

Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors

And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord Angelo

And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue

Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,

All their petitions, are as freely theirs

As they themselves would owe them.

Isa. Ile see what I can doe.

Luc. But speedily.

Isa. I will about it strait;

No longer staying, but to giue the Mother

Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:

Commend me to my brother: soone at night

Ile send him certaine word of my successe.

Luc. I take my leaue of you.

Isa. Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt.

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,  
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,  
And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it  
Their perchar, and not their terror.

Esc. I, but yet

Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little

Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman

Whom I would saue, had a most noble father,

Let but your honour know

(Whom I beleuee to be most strait in vertue)

That in the working of your owne affections,

Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of our blood

Could haue attaind the effect of your owne purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life

Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,

And puld the Law vpon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (Escalus)

Another

Another thing to fall: I not deny  
The lury passing on the Prisoners life  
May in the sworne-twelve haue a chiefe, or two  
Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,  
That Iustice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes  
That theeues do passe on theeues? 'Tis very pregnant,  
The Iewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,  
Because we see it; but what we doe not see,  
We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.  
You may not so extenuate his offence,  
For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me  
When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,  
And nothing come in parriall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prouost.

Esc. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Prouost?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to mortow morning.

Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,

For that's the vmoost of his pilgrimage.

Esc. Well: heauen forgieue him; and forgieue vs all:

Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:

Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none,

And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good peo-  
ple in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vse their  
abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them  
away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's  
the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes  
Constable, and my name is Elbow; I doe leane vpon Iu-  
stice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,  
two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?

Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what  
they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,  
and void of all prophanation in the world, that good  
Christians ought to haue.

Esc. This comes off well: here's a wife Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? Elbow is  
your name?

Why do'st thou not speake Elbow?

Clow. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that  
serues a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say)  
pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now shee professes a  
hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and  
your honour.

Esc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest wo-  
man.

Esc. Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say Sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she,  
that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pittie of her  
life, for it is a naughty house!

Esc. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry Sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a wo-  
man Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in forni-

cation, adultery, and all vnclineesse there.

Esc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I Sir, by Mistris Over-dons meanes: but as she spit  
in his face, so she defide him.

Clow. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Proue it before these varlets here, thou honora-  
ble man, proue it.

Esc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clow. Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing  
(sauiug your honors reuerence) for stewd prewys; fir,  
we had but two in the house, which at that very distant  
time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish off some three  
pence; your honours haue scene such dishes) they are not  
China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Esc. Go too: go too: no matter for the dish fir.

Clow. No indeede fir not of a pin; you are therein in  
the right: but, to the point: As I say, this Mistris Elbow,  
being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and  
longing (as I said) for prewys: and hauiug but two in  
the dish (as I said) Master Froth here, this very man, ha-  
uiug eaten the rest (as I said) & (as I say) paying for them  
very honestly: for, as you know Master Froth, I could not  
giue you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clow. Very well: you being then (if you be remem-  
bred) cracking the stones of the foresaid prewys.

Fro. I, so I did indeede.

Clow. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be  
remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past  
cure of the thing you wot of, vnlesse they kept very good  
diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clow. Why very well then.

Esc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose:  
what was done to Elbowes wife, that hee hath cause to  
complaime of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clow. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No fir, nor I meane it not.

Clow. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours  
leau: And I beseech you, looke into Master Froth here  
fir, a man of foure-score pound a yeare; whose father  
died at Hallowmas: Was't not at Hallowmas Master  
Froth?

Fro. Allhallond-Eue.

Clow. Why very well: I hope here be truthe: he Sir,  
sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch  
of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to sit, haue  
you not?

Fro. I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good  
for winter.

Clow. Why very well then: I hope here be truthe.

Ang. This will last out a night in Rustia  
When nights are longest there: Ile take my leau,  
And leau you to the hearing of the cause;

Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all. Exit.  
Esc. I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lord-  
ship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbowes  
wife, once more?

Clow. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you Sir, aske him what this man did to  
my wife.

Clow. I beseech your honor, aske me.

Esc. Well fir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clow. I beseech you fir, looke in this Gentlemans face:  
good Master Froth looke vpon his honors; 'tis for a good  
purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

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Esc. I